

If you're feeling like you need a little bit of company you met me at the perfect time
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by [HybridOwl](#)

Summary

Stanford is going to go meet his long lost brother, famous boxer Stanley Pines. Only, there's a little bit of a mix up on why he wants to meet Stan alone.

Notes

You know when a fic just, possesses you for a while? Yeah. I have done literally nothing useful last night and today, just writing this compelling nonsense. I'm starting to think I only write ford pov fic; maybe next time I'll be able to get in Stan's head. also, yes, the title is from Levitating by Dua Lipa, I listened to it on repeat while editing this and I have almost zero regrets.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The stands are packed. From Stanford's research, he knows Stanley Pines is a popular boxer. He has a mixed win record, but he's charming and rambunctious enough that his fans come to see him, win or lose.

Ford isn't a fan per say. He's never been to a match, even if by now he knows a great deal about Stan Pines. He clutches his messenger bag with the information he collected inside.

The thing is, Ford didn't know he was adopted until he was 17, and the information had come up in a school family tree project he had dug a little too deeply into. His parents, his adopted parents apparently, had denied, then weeded, then raged at his questions. He was grounded for the last part of the school year and told he wouldn't be allowed to go to college if he kept questioning things.

It would only hurt him, they said. His family had abandoned him for his differences, for the abnormalities that his adopted parents loved him for, they said. So Ford dropped it.

For a while, at least.

He knows his adopted parents are just trying to protect him, but he needs to know, even if it is a bad idea. As soon as he was on track for his first PhD and didn't have to worry about his parents support anymore, he started digging. Fillbrick and Maude Pines. Two living sons, eldest was a twin before the other, with 6 fingers on each hand, died shortly after birth. The paperwork, when Ford manages to uncover it, clearly says they had put him up for adoption.

So they really hadn't wanted him. They had given him away and covered it up so others would even pity them. But the thing is. The thing is.

Stanley, famous wrestler and media sweetheart, the eldest son of Fillbrick and Maude Pines, Ford's brother; he talks about his lost sibling. He sometimes says he has two brothers before explaining one was gone. Stanley wants Ford, he just doesn't know he exists. Ford can fix that. He just has to get to him.

Ford has managed to reserve a seat butted up against the ring, up close and personal. His breath catches when Stan comes out, even if everything is too loud and the lights are too bright and there are too many people. All that matters is Ford's brother, close enough to count the muscles in his bare torso and arms, close enough to note that the files were right about Stanley's brown eyes.

Ford nearly bites through his lip trying to be patient through the match, struggling not to crush his bag with his hands, smoothing it out several times when he can't help himself. He needs to wait to see Stan until after, but it doesn't take him long to see that Stanley is toying with his opponent, making the match look more even than it is for the sake of the crowd.

Eventually though, Stan stops playing, and quickly annihilates his opponent, punching him square in the jaw. Ford can hear the crack from here, and the opponent goes down and doesn't get back up, the crowd roaring even before the referee is done counting down.

There's a deafening roar as everyone seems to lose their minds, and Stan makes a circle around the ring, arms raised and smirk wide. Ford can feel his heart pumping at that, so he guesses he's starting to understand the appeal of boxing.

After everything has settled somewhat, and Stan had disappeared back from the entrance he came from, Ford approaches the woman that had been standing by the coach, who Ford knew from research to be Stanley's agent. He clears his throat, then clears it again louder when she doesn't hear him.

She turns, gives him a once over look that has Ford feeling exposed. But he can't back down now.

"I'd uh. I would like to speak with Mr. Pines." Ford says, pushing up his glasses and trying to look more confident than he feels. Because the thing is, she has no reason to let him in. He doesn't want to show all his evidence to her, he wants to show Stan. He wants Stan to be the first person to know. He adds, "privately."

She raises an eyebrow, clearly thinking, before she smiles in a way Ford doesn't recognize. "Of course you do. I'm sure he'll want to talk to you too. I'll take you back as soon as the interviews are over, alright kid?"

Ford chafes at being called kid, but can't deny his relief and being so easily given what he wants, so he just nods.

It feels like an eternity before she finds him again, gesturing for him to follow him. They go into the back area, into a bit of a maze of hallways before stopping at a door.

She knocks, and the hair on the back of Ford's neck stands up when he hears Stan, his brother, his brother who he is going to meet for the first time, call back through the door "who's there?"

"Me, Stan. Gotta fan who'd like to talk to you. Privately, he says." She says, and Ford notes past his nervous excitement that she seems to be smirking for some reason.

"Oh well, I always want to talk to my fans. Send him on in." And Stan's voice has a weird tone too, but it might just be because of the door in the way.

She opens the door, smirking outright at Ford before shoving him in, snagging his bag off his shoulder as he stumbles.

"Wait, my bag-" Ford says, but she waves him off.

"You're not gonna need this kid, don't worry. Come see me when you two are done 'talking.'" She says, and closes the door behind her.

Ford stares at the door helplessly for a second, before turning.

It's a locker room, rows of lockers with benches in the middle, hall leading to what is probably the showers. In front of Ford, sitting on the bench, is Stan. He still doesn't have a shirt on, only a towel around his shoulders, and he's leaning back on his hands in a way that

has Ford following the lines of his body without really thinking about it. He does eventually catch himself though, clearing his throat and looking away.

"I'm Ford." Ford starts, and yes, that's good, good start. He doesn't have his papers, but he can do this. Improvisation can't be so hard.

"Hello, Ford. Do I know you from somewhere?" Stan asks, standing up, flicking off the towel on his shoulders, and moving closer to him as Ford shakes his head. "Huh. You just look so familiar."

When Stan says that, and Ford knows this is it, this is the moment. He opens his mouth to say, you've seen it in the mirror, we have the same face, we're twins-

And then Stan says "oh I know!"

This completely throws Ford off. How could he know? It took years of research for Ford to find him! How could he-

"I've seen ya in my *dreams* ." Stan says, grinning and wiggling his eyebrows in what Ford guesses is supposed to be a sexy manner. Ford starts spluttering, making loud denials and waving his arms in frustration.

This is the moment Stan sees his hands, reaching out to grab one and making Ford flinch. He's expecting ridicule, disgust, but instead, Stan says "whoa, cool! 6 fingers! Do ya have 'em on both hands?"

Ford hesitates, but lifts his other hand, wiggling his fingers in a wave. Stan whistles, appreciative.

"That's unique. You're a special guy, Sixer."

And what is Ford supposed to say to that? Just being around Stan is filling up something inside of him that he didn't realize was empty, like there's no way to feel alone in a crowd when Stanley is looking at him.

Stan puts a finger under Ford's chin so Ford has to meet his eyes. He's smiling, and it's a bit mischievous.

"Ya act like a real wise guy, but I bet you're just a sweetheart." Stan says.

"Excuse me, I have two Phd's, I am very much a wise guy." Ford means it to show off, but Stan laughs, clearly delighted.

"I've had groupies before, but I've never had one like you." Stan says, eyes swimming with mirth.

"I'm not a groupie." Ford said, offended even though he knows he's blushing. Wait. Is that what the agent thought? That Ford was some groupie? And that he and Stan...

He blushes harder.

"Then what are you?" Stan asks, shuffling closer, head cocked with amused curiosity.

"An... interested party." Ford says, trying to gear himself up to confess again, to clear up this misunderstanding. But before he can, Stan speaks again.

"Alright. Me too. I'm interested, let's party."

Stan closes the distance and kisses Ford. Stan's chapped lips, the warm feel of them, makes Ford's brain short circuit. He can't even bring himself to reciprocate, if he is even supposed to reciprocate. He doesn't have a contingency plan for this. He doesn't have a plan for Stan being so hot and inviting and his lips to feel so warm.

When he continues to just stand there like a lemming, Stan pulls back.

"Listen. If you're really not feeling it, I'll back off. I'd never force ya, Sixer." Stan says, taking a step back to give Ford space to think.

But where had thinking got Ford, anyway?

He lunges forward, arms around Stan's neck, wincing when their teeth clack together at contact. Stan catches him with two hands at the waist, but moves one hand to Ford's jaw, shifting him to deepen the kiss and guide Ford's enthusiasm.

Ford knows he's making a bad decision. But Stan is warm, and solid, and perfect, and Ford is willing to make a few bad decisions to keep Stan's hands on him.

Speaking of Stan's hands, first they shimmy off Ford's jacket, then they make quick work of Ford's belt and slacks and underwear, and Ford hops out of his shoes and all the rest when they make it to the ground, trying to keep the kiss going as long as possible so hopefully his brain and sanity can't catch up with him.

Stan's hands slide under Ford's shirt, resting on the flat planes of Ford's stomach and ribs, and Ford finds himself making an indignant sound when Stan pulls back, leaning their foreheads together. Ford can barely see him, his glasses are so foggy.

"Alright?" Stan checks, and Ford kind of thinks this check should have come before pants not at shirt, but he also knows, down to his bones, that Stan would stop now if Ford wanted to, help him put back on his clothes and make sure he's all good to go before sending him on his way.

Ford does not want to be sent on his way. He's come this far, and damned if he's backing out now. The small remaining part of his functioning brain reminds him that this is not what he came for, but he mentally shrugs it off. He can still tell Stan. Just, later. Right?

He makes an affirmative noise, and Stan lifts Ford's sweater over his head, putting his glasses back in order when he notices the sweater shifted them. It's a tiny gesture on Stan's part, but it makes Ford's chest tight. Stan hasn't been bothered by his glasses, his nerdiness, hell, his fingers. Stan has, so far, proven to just want Ford.

Ford catches himself smiling dopey at Stan, and Stan stops, smiles back, then leans forward and kisses the cleft in Ford's chin.

"Sorry," Stan said, laughing sheepishly. "don't know why I did that. You're just so kissable."

Stan cleared his throat, flushing, and grabbed Ford by the waist, turning him rapidly around and positioning his hands on the bench between the lockers. Ford, realizing what position he's in, starts to have some concerns. Even more so when Stan reaches over to rummage in his bag and pulls out-

"Why do you have lube in your gym bag?" Ford half squawks as Stan squeezes out what looks to be too much with a frankly obscene sound from the tube.

"Mm, I'm a boyscout. Always prepared, you know." Stan says, grin sharklike as he moves the lube around in his fingers as his other hand pulls out a condom and sets it down next to Ford on the bench; Ford realizes he'd been warming the lube up when Stan moves to graze his fingers against Ford's hole and the reason Ford shivers isn't cold but pure unadulterated anticipation.

He's not sure why he's allowing this to happen. Surely it's unethical to do this with Stan when he doesn't have all the pertinent information. Then one of Stan's fingers circles Ford and slides in on one slow, continuous movement until it's up to his hand, and then Ford is too busy gasping with his brain dribbling out of his ears to think about any more ethical implications of anything whatsoever. The trolley problem can go fuck itself.

Stan seems to like Ford's noises, chuckling low and gravely and pleased.

"You sound amazing, Sixer. And you're so tight. You ever do this with anyone before?" Stan asks, and his tone is almost soft as his finger slowly moves in Ford's insides and Ford manages to whine out a no, pushing up his glasses in an attempt to hide his flushed face, how his hands are shaking.

"Well then. I'll have to make sure I'm memorable, won't I?" Stan says, and the smirk in his voice shoots a jolt up Ford's spine even before Stan quirks the finger and with insane accuracy grazes against what Ford's scientific mind manages to inform Ford is the prostate before more or less winking out, probably for the duration of Ford's first time having sex being with his long lost brother.

"How many data points do you have to do that so quickly?" Ford asks, mostly rhetorically, and Stan hums.

"Not sure. Can't really think of anyone else right now, to be honest. I'm gonna add another, okay sweetheart?" Stan asks, and waits for Ford to nod before putting another finger in, and Ford is already feels stuffed, how is he supposed to fit enough fingers to prepare him for a dick?

Stan grazes his prostate again, and Ford's arms buckle on the bench, and yeah, Ford is going to do whatever it takes to get Stan inside of him.

Stan's fingers scissor inside Ford, firm but not cruelly so, and Stan makes approving noises that might be words but Ford is a little addled about this whole thing, so he mostly shifts to give Stan a better angle to hit his prostate again, earning him a gentle squeeze with the hand Stan has been using to lightly pet over Ford's back and side.

Stan doesn't seem to mind Ford is sweating like a pig, every inch of him sticky and hot and oversensitized. He also seems to enjoy when Ford makes a babbling, incoherent noises of pleasure, so Ford supposes that is also a plus.

The fingers increase one by one, until Ford has 4 in him and Stan is hitting his prostate almost every time, and Ford is getting steadily more hot and hard and frustrated until he eventually snaps out "will you just fuck me already!"

He doesn't expect Stan to laugh at that, or for the kiss Stan drops at the back of Ford's neck, right at his hairline.

"Whatever you want Sixer. Just wanted to make sure you were ready for me." Ford grumbles at this, turning his head around to look at Stan and keeps grumbling until Stan takes off his shorts and underwear in one motion, and then Ford is busy trying not to drool. Stan isn't long, his dick may even be a little shorter than Ford's, but he makes up for it in girth. Now Ford understands the purpose of being opened with 4 fingers.

"Okay there?" Stan says, knocking Ford out of the mental loop of big, big, mine, big, he had been stuck in. Ford nods, gulping. He is very okay here.

Stan smiles, and it's hot, but it's also fond. Ford wonders if he makes everyone he sleeps with feel like the only person in the world, or just Ford. Research on Stan's past love life says the former is most likely, but Ford's treacherous heart hopes for the latter.

Stan quickly pulls apart the condom wrapper and slides it on. He then does one last check of Ford's face for consent, before nodding to himself.

"Alright sweetheart, just relax." Stan says, and pushes in. Ford wants to argue at what feels like an unnecessarily patronizing (or maybe just caring?) tone, but ends up just sucking a breath in through his teeth and trying to follow Stan's instructions as Stan goes in, and in, and in.

He bottoms out eventually, and Ford is lightheaded, and he's not sure he can feel his toes past knowing they are curling. He's distracted by all this by Stan leaning his forehead against Ford's back, deep breath ghosting against Ford's sensitive skin.

His voice sounds strained when he asks, "all good?"

"Yes." Ford answers, then adds "and you?"

Stan laughs, and it sounds breathless, winded.

"Yeah. I'm great. Just- never been with anyone like you, Sixer."

Ford feels himself flushing redder, even as he scoffs. "I find it hard to believe you've never been with a virgin before."

He feels Stan's fingers take hold of his chin, gently turning Ford's face to look in Stan's eyes. They're dark with desire, and staring into them makes Ford feel pretty winded himself.

"Don't mean it like that. You've got me kind of obsessed with you, Ford." Stan asks, voice soft, and Ford feels something in him shift at Stan saying his name. Stan must see it in Ford's face, because he tips himself up, until their lips are nearly touching. "What are you doin' to me?"

Stan asks like Ford is the one with the power here. Like Ford is the one casting the spell that has them wrapped up so tightly together Ford can feel both their heartbeats hammering to the same rhythm, like they were always supposed to be this close and Ford got them there, not Stan.

Ford can't help it. He cranes his neck to close the distance and kiss Stan, deep and fierce and full of the longing he had no idea he was carrying. They spend a few long moments like that, intertwined and interlocked, before Stan pulls back so they can breathe, tapping his forehead against Ford.

"I'm gonna move, alright sweetheart?" Stan asks, and Ford nods, even if a not very small part of him wants to keep Stan's mouth on him. Luckily Stan must be loathe to pull back to, because he puts his mouth to Ford's shoulder, mouthing and teething on him as he pulls himself out aching slowly, then rocks in hard, knocking Ford's breath out of him, jolting Ford's place on the bench. Even though it provides less stability not more, he scrambles his hand back, searching and finding Stan's hand to hold onto.

It makes Stan suck hard at Ford's shoulder when he pushes in again, and Ford knows he's going to be carrying that bruise like a trophy for however long it lasts.

Stan's movements grow faster, faster, until he settles into a steady, almost punishing rhythm, panting kisses into Ford's shoulder as Ford gasps out probably louder than strictly advisable in a semi-public space, and their hands stay locked, inseparable.

Ford's glasses fall off with one particularly deep thrust. He decides this is a problem for later-Ford.

Eventually, almost surprisingly, Ford's orgasm comes crashing down on him, blinding him and making him feel like he is shaking apart as he cums, and then like he's floating, head blessedly empty of anything but endorphins. Ford's orgasm must shift his body around Stan, because Stan curses, and pumps in once, twice, three more times before coming, Ford feeling the condom fill inside him with hot cum, Stan's teeth locked in Ford's shoulder just light enough not to draw blood and no lighter.

They stay locked for a few long breaths, before Stan grunts, gives Ford's shoulder one last kiss, before pulling out, easily taking off the condom, tying it up, and tossing it into the nearby trash. Ford's knees take this opportunity to buckle, sending him sliding to the floor and making Stan yelp, moving quickly and wrapping around Ford like he's afraid Ford's going to hurt himself on a fall of a little over a foot.

Ford knows, instinctively, that he's going to be sore like he's never been before from head to toe tomorrow. Instead of dealing with this fact, he turns his head to snuggle into the curve of Stan's neck, more than willing to forgive the sweat for how good Stan's arms feel around him.

"Hang on," Stan says, leaning one way while still holding onto Ford, then leaning back and holding something up in front of Ford; his glasses. Ford grudgingly gets his arms to move, taking hold of them and looking into them in the light. Filthy, absolutely filthy. He knows the feeling.

He sighs.

"I have to get up, I have to clean my glasses." Ford says, feeling quite grumpy when, as predicted, Stan obediently peels himself off of Ford. Ford nearly drags him back in before giving himself a stern talking to against it.

He stands up, legs thankfully holding if barely, and manages to find his sweater not too far away, cleaning his glasses on it and wishing for a cleaning cloth to do it properly, then sliding them on his nose, losing against the temptation to look at Stan.

He's gathering up his clothes onto the bench, sneaking looks at Ford until he sees Ford notice, then ducking his head almost shyly.

"You can't walk around like that Sixer, I'm gonna get ideas about round two, and my agent will not be happy to wait around for that."

Ford realizes that aside from the glasses, he's standing there completely naked. He rushes to get dressed, feeling awkward. Stan is just pulling on his own shirt when Ford finishes dressing, and Ford takes the opportunity to watch the muscles in his back flex. He can understand the appeal of biting at them, making a mark Stan might carry, that people might see when Stan is fighting. Some part of Stan that is Ford's and Ford's alone.

Stan interrupts this line of thought by clearing his throat.

"Can I- look, can I have your number? I'm in town for a few more days, maybe we- I" Stan stops, rubbing the back of his neck. Ford feels a weird dissonance when he recognizes the gesture as something he and Stan, Stan his biological twin, share.

He takes a brief stint into internal crisis, and he must take too long to reply because Stan's shoulders slump.

"Or not. No big deal, it was uh, good to meet you-" Stan looks so unhappy under his bluster that Ford manages to pull his head out of panic mode.

"I'm not from around here either, but I can give you my motel number. We could meet somewhere, perhaps for lunch?" Ford says quickly, nearly cheering when Stan lights up like a christmas tree.

"Yeah! Yeah, that sounds great. Hold on, let me track down some paper." Stan says, moving to go before doubling back, pulling Ford into a tight hug before letting go, smiling at him again like Ford was the wonderful one here, and bustling over to his bag humming a tune as he pokes through it.

Ford rationalizes. If he sees Stan again, he can tell him they are brothers then. Ford will definitely bring it up.

Ford's eyes stray to Stan's ass.

Okay, maybe he can tell Stan the time after that. A little extra time won't hurt anything, surely. Now, next time, it's all about being close to Stan, and the reveal is all about the perfect timing.

And then the concept of morality returns to Ford, much to his unhappiness. Yes he's had sex with his long lost brother. That was a bad choice. It was unequivocally a bad choice, even if it was perfect and everything Ford ever wanted. But he can't keep stealing this from Stan.

It's time to face the consequences of his actions. He is later-Ford.

"You're my brother." Ford blurts out, and Stan pulls his head up from searching, staring at Ford blankly.

"What?" Stan asks, and his voice is blank too. Ford clears his throat, rubs the back of his neck.

"We are fraternal twins. We were separated at birth, and I was adopted by a couple in Seattle. I've always assumed that our parents wanted to avoid raising so abnormal of a child, but, that's speculation I suppose."

Stan doesn't say anything, and Ford starts to sweat again.

"And I. Well, I apologize, of course. This wasn't what I- intended. To happen. When I sought you out. At all. But I- but you-"

He doesn't know what to say. He doesn't know how to say Stan felt right in a way nothing in his life ever had, that being offered a scrap of affection had torn down his logic and intellect like it was never there. He doesn't know how to say he's sorry enough. He doesn't know how to be a good enough person to wish they hadn't had sex at all.

And then Stan does something unexpected.

"Stanford?" Stan asks, eyes dawning understanding. And then-

Then he pulls Ford into a fierce, all encompassing hug. "Stanford, my brother Stanford. The nurse- the nurse at the hospital, she told ma you died. There were pictures- clippings from the newspaper. They always told me my brother was special, and he- holy shit, you have 6 fingers! Sixer, I-"

Stan sounds choked up, and when he pulls back, holding on to Ford's shoulders to look at him, Stan is crying, eyes wondrous. Ford realizes he's crying too, sniffing to keep the snot from dribbling down his chin, stupid glasses fogging up all over again.

Stan gives a wet laugh, gently pulling his glasses off Ford's face and wiping them on his tee shirt, Ford not bothering to grumble about how bad that is for the lenses because Stan knows, and he isn't mad, and Ford has a brother, and his family, apparently, never wanted to give him up after all.

Stan sets Ford's glasses back on his nose, and then his hand lingers on Ford's chin, and Ford would have to be twice the man he is not to lean into the touch.

"How- I just got you." Stan's face changes, miserable. "I'm so glad you're my brother, but I thought we had... something else, sixer. I thought we were-"

And Stan stops, but Ford can fill in the gaps. Ford, even though he knew they were brothers, felt between them what is only talked about in vapid romance novels, but real.

Well. This is real. And real life is messy. And Ford is learning the best choices are bad ones.

"We could still be that. We could be brothers but also... you and I. We wouldn't have to tell anyone." Ford says. Stan leans their foreheads together, and Ford closes his eyes, throat tight with emotion.

"We could be everything." Stan says, and Ford nods against him. Stan takes a shaky breath, then says "Alright. Alright."

Stan pulls back, kissing Ford's forehead. "Alright, let's go tell everybody the good news. I got my brother back. And I can't let him stay at some dinky motel, right? You've gotta stay with me."

"It's only logical." Ford says, trying to be solemn and serious but his face splitting grin is ruining it. Stan laughs again, light as a feather.

"You're right Sixer. Only logical."

They leave the room hand in hand.

End Notes

Stan: so are we gonna talk about how you were stolen as a baby or-

Ford: eh, I'd rather just kiss again.

Stan: well, twist my arm why don'cha-

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